"LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN IT"







NOTHER year! exclaimed Dr. Old-"Tomorrow and tomorrow come and pass away gathered to ancestral their yesterdays." A tone of sadness, like the bite of frost on the persimmon, mellowed the voice of the doctor even as he stood at the threshold of the glad New Year. But this was only for a moment. His usual good nature bubbled over again.

He shook hands all round and most cheerily gave the greetings incidental

to the season. "Ah," said the doctor, "what a world it is. You remember the lines of the old song? I don't quite, but the sentiment is one to give us confi-dence. 'So let the wide world wag as it will, I'll be gay and happy still.'
(Yet there are some things which call
for the work of the reformer. Perhaps the hour is not yet come to amend the long established imper-sonations of the sensons. Then, too, we must continue to endure the signs of the zodiac, cut rather low in the neck as they are for modest kitchens, while nudity continues to revel What a relief it was at last when behind the counters of hotel barrooms. Neither may one stand forth
with the abandon of a martyr and declare against the shamelessness of
the clothesicssness of the New Year,
that absurd cold storage variety of
this latters and ceased to be the
pioneer settler and oldest inhabitant,
the last authority on the coldest winter and the hottest summer of whom
all stood in awe, who knew everythat absurd cold storage variety of

Cupid. Such a toilette or lack of toilette should suggest his translation to a home for the feeble-minded.

"Would it not be more reasonable to suppose Time, now moving into new premises (not into a flat-but to be a home for a year at least) must needs have a blithe, buxom, rosy-cheeked maid of all work to make the place bright, cheerful and hospitable, for will be many guests to entertain three of the seasons at least-spring, summer, autumn-as unmarried female persons, Let us picture Time with this maid, who, coming at the beginning of leap year, boldly pops the question and marries out of hand, taking the place of that grouchy Dame December, who is dismissed somewhat summarily and sent packing over the hills.
"As for Father Time, he never be-

comes old, 'his acts being seven ages.' 'Filled with wise saws and modern instances,' he nobly plays his part; never falls 'into the lean and slippered pantaloon, never requires patching by the bushelman or cob-bler, or repairs at the dentist's or wigmaker's. "There never was but one mortal

that seriously tried to stay in the prolonged Marathon race with Time. That was the grand old man, Methuselah, and he had to give up beaten at 969 years—a foolish contest, as Time, rare old athlete that he is, not only knows all the rubs, but is the sole patentee and possessor of the vainly sought elixir of life.

"It is well there never was but one human being who carried the burden of mortality such a preposterous num ber of years, until it became an irradi cate habit. Imagine how two or three Methuselahs in this age would disarrange the expectancy of life and dis turb the most carefully and adroitly arranged mortuary tables. what a continuing affront a terrestial lingerer like that would be even to the most patient and conservative funeral director and to the old sexton as he mumbles his deep bass song I Gather Them In, Gather Them In. unabashed on the parlor walls and the grand old man was gathered to behind the counters of hotel bar his fathers and ceased to be the

Mesopotamia and who if he were alive today would probably be able to give the names of all the vice presidents of the United States!

"And yet how brief is the record of this modest man, this first conservative citizen of the world-Methuselah—the son of Enoch, sixth in descent from Seth and the father of Lamech. It is all given in three verses in the fifth chapter of Genesis. He undoubtedly was a man of substance. One may be permitted to wonder how many attempts were made to 'interest' him in various 'enterprises' framed in the bluest of turquoise, with a view of separating him from his money or its equivalent in cattle, or sheep or the fruits of the field. For in that day as in this there doubtless were admirable tellers of short stories, horse traders with a short stories, horse traders with a wonderful gift of language, real estate men who could paint a landscape of bewitching beauty-but, alas, we have no account of them and as there are no precedents, when Sinbad the Sailor and Baron Munchausen propose to let us in on a good thing, why, we have to look out for ourselves, that is all. It is at this season of the year that the wicked magician that gave Aladdin all his fortune and all his misfortune may be expected to appear either by prospectus through the mail

or in the person of an agent. "The 'new lamps for old ones' of-fered by the magician is by no means as seducing a bargain as these modern magicians will offer you. It may be an orange grove in Florida or Callfornia, a fig farm in Arizona, a date palm enterprise in Texas, a cran-berry patch in New Jersey, mining steck almost anywhere or sharesand how magnificent the prospectusin something quite as good as those two famous companies written about



"Oh," said the doctor.

by Charles Dickens-"The Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company' and 'The Metropolitan Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Com-So when we turn over the pany.' So when we turn over the new leaf this first day of January. 1913, after turning it over and carefully reading the prospectus, let us warily turn back and when we go forward let us go in the old way to which we have become accustomed."

Remedy.

"This latest controversy has brought me altogether too much publicity," confided the politician. "What would you advise as a means of avoiding the spotlight?"

"Get married to some woman of social prominence and by the time people have left off discussing the bride this other incident will be forgotten."

Some people are like the letter B -always in debt when there's no need for it.

JUST THAT.



Cook-A fellow spends a lot of money for Christmas presents, and what has he to show for it?

Hook-Pawn tickets, usually.

RINGWORM ON CHILD'S FACE

Stratford, Iowa,-"Three years ago this winter my seven-year-old son had ringworm on the face. First it was in small red spots which had a rough crust on the top. When they started they looked like little red dots and then they got bigger, about the size of a bird's egg. They had a white rough ring around them, and grew continually worse and soon spread over his face and legs. The child suf-fered terrible itching and burning, so that he could not sleep nights. He scratched them and they looked fear-ful. He was cross when he had them. We used several bottles of liniment,

but nothing helped.
"I saw where a child had a rash on
the face and was cured by Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I decided to use them. I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment about one month, and they cured my child completely." (Signed)

Mrs. Barbara Prim, Jan. 30, 1912. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Marriageable.

Patience-Is he a marriageable

Patrice-I think not. They say he was never good at making excuses.





Free Homestead

G. A. COOK. or address Superintender Immigration, Ottawa, C

